

"ALWAYS FOR LESS MONEY"

The Farmers' Co-Operative Hardware Company

NOT IN A TRUST . . . LOGAN, OHIO.

Our business last year was a hummer. This year will be better. We ask our customers to share our prosperity with us, assuring you that every article in the Hardware Line bought from us will be as good as the best with a shade less cost to you. Isn't that fair? Nothing succeeds like success. Low rents and less expenses enable us to **SHARE OUR PROFITS WITH OUR CUSTOMERS.**

Do you want a Buggy? We have them at prices which will astonish, considering quality. Get in line and be one of our new customers and increase your bank account.

Read Our Prices on Buggies, Surries and Run-a-Bouts.

These vehicles are manufactured by the most expert makers of such goods in the United States. Every buggy, run-a-bout and surrey made by the above firms and sold by us is guaranteed. Our word is as good as our bond. Our old customers say so.

Buggies, range of prices.....	\$45.00 to 100.00
Buggies, Steel Tire.....	\$45.00 to 70.00
Buggies, Rubber Tire.....	\$65.00 to 100.00
Surries for.....	\$65.00 to 125.00
Surries, Steel Tire for.....	\$65.00 to 85.00
Surries, Rubber Tire for.....	\$100.00 to 125.00
Run-a-Bouts, Steel and Rubber Tire for.....	\$35.00 to 65.00

Hardware Articles for Spring

You will need some of the articles below. Why not buy from us. Will treat you on the square. A square deal, besides saving you money. Read the list below.

Screen Doors, Refrigerators, Window Screens, Lawn Mowers, Garden Hose, Lawn Rakes, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Gas Fixtures, Hot Plates, Gas Ranges, Cutlery, Sprays and Pumps of all kinds for trees and animals, Full Line of Builders' Hardware, All kinds of Wire Nails, Celebrated Page's Fence and Gates, Kemp's Manure Spreaders, Osborne line of Disc and Peg Tooth Harrows, Gale Breaking Plows (guaranteed to be as good as any plow on the market.)

We want your business. Try us. You'll be satisfied or we lose a customer. Fair, isn't it?

The Farmers' Co-Operative Hardware Company

South Mulberry Street, Old Grange Store Stand, Logan, Ohio.



Si Hubbard's Letter

South Perry, May 6th, 1907.
EDITOR SENTINEL:—When I had completed my work in South Perry it was almost dusk and being somewhat tired I began to look around for a place to roost. I could find no hotel, accommodations whatever and had it not been for Steve Floyd's boy, who kindly invited me to go home with him, I should have looked for a hay stack or cow stable. When we arrived at Mr. Floyd's residence I met with a very warm reception. Steve had an old grudge against me and wanted to get even. And he did. He returned good for evil. He fed me and is sorry for it.

Steve Floyd is the sage of Perry Township. He is a lawyer, preacher, farmer, soldier, statesman—a whole team with a kicking mule thrown in—a genial, whole-souled fellow and a gentleman everywhere and in every instance.

I heard a couple of good stories on Steve and I just can't help but tell you about them.

It is said that Steve, once upon a time, concluded that he was a bad, bad man, and that the best thing he could do would be to embrace religion, which he did. His spiritual strength grew so rapidly that it kept him awake at nights. He felt so good he could not sleep. Night after night he lay awake studying the situation and he finally decided that he was cut out for a preacher and immediately commenced preparation. His progress was miraculous, and it is said of him that he could make a better prayer than any man in Perry Township. He first exhorted with such wonderful success that he decided that he'd preach. And preach he did. It all went well until one evening during a revival some of his old cronies, knowing Steve's besetting sin, induced him to look upon the wine when it was red. This was the beginning of the end. Steve took his accustomed place on the right side of the preacher and his loud, long and fervent amen's were heard in every part of the meeting house. But his old cronies in the back end of the house began to get hilarious—made too much disturbance—and Brother Floyd became very much distressed.

Finally forbearance ceased to be a virtue and Brother Steve rose up in his might, saying, "Put them d-d s-s of b-s out!" This opened the eyes of the faithful to the fact that it was the wrong kind of spirits working on their brother and the best thing they could do would be to eject Steve. But Steve would not stand for anything of that kind and reached over in the wood pile and grasped a stick of stove wood about four foot long, and commenced laying it upon the backs and heads of the faithful. So well did he employ himself that within five minutes the church was vacant and the faithful were gathered in groups in the adjoining meadows. After a long season of silent and secret prayer Rev. Steve outwitted the lights, left the church and shook the dust off that neighborhood. For more than five years his fervent prayers were missed in Perry Township. He had joined the standing army!

And thereby hangs another tale. While serving in the army he was thrown from a mule (her name was Maud) and was seriously injured, had a shoulder dislocated. The regimental surgeon experimented on Steve to the extent that he became permanently injured. When he came home he applied for a pension. He did not think it necessary to employ an attorney so conducted the claim himself. He received a pension of \$17.00 per month. But some one in the neighborhood reported him to the pension department and a special examiner called upon him and "investigated." The examiner called on the reporter for their testimony, which was freely given, and then gave Steve a rigid examination. The consequence was Steve got an increase, instead of \$17.00 he got \$30.00, and it is said, the reporter came near visiting the federal courts.

I desire to express my thanks to Mrs. Floyd for the very happy evening and the bountiful repasts, hoping against hope that if I ever return that way that she will invite me to spend the night with them.

The next morning I passed back through South Perry on my way to Laurelville. In passing along the road my attention was called to an abandoned graveyard by a broken stone lying out on the public highway. The stone was broken in four pieces and considerably shattered. I examined

the stone, placed it together and took off the following inscription: "Mary E., daughter of G. W. and M. Painter, died April 15th, 1853." In fencing in the lot about one-half of the grave—the head part—had been fenced out. A neighbor told me that the lot was known as the "Knight's graveyard."

I reached Laurelville at good supper time and put up with pCum Floyd, "the silent landlord", where I am always made happy. The next morning I left on Route Two from Laurelville. The first box on the route was Charles Spencer, one of the oldest fighting Democrats in the county. Of course I stopped for a little talk, and received unusual encouragement. Mr. Spencer inquired of his old friends Col. Weldy and Charles Rose and deplored the death of his once very intimate friend, Col. A. C. Sands. He gave me some word for Col. Weldy and Chas. Rose, said he was coming over to Logan soon and show them how to play "several up," or something of that kind. I rather inferred that it was some new game, but not knowing anything about games of any kind did not feel disposed to show my ignorance by inquiring.

Mr. Spencer was 77 years old Saturday April 20th. He stood round all day Saturday with his hands in his pockets, looking for a "surprise" that didn't come. But the next day, Sunday it came. And it was a surprise. "Foxy old grandpa" was completely upset. It was purely a family affair, arranged by his accomplished daughter, Miss Anna, and every member of the family excepting two grandchildren in Kansas, were present, viz: Mrs. F. M. Bowsher of Auglaize county, Nelson Spencer and wife of Adelphi, John Spencer and family of Kingston, James Spencer and family of Adelphi, and Geo. Spencer of Chillicothe. It was a very delightful affair all round as was evidenced by the pleasant thoughts and comments of Mr. Spencer.

I liked along the route, occasionally striking out over a hill or a hollow, and succeeded in reaching the home of Francis A. Davis, up Sam's Creek, just as he came from plowing and his wife and mother came from a visit to the dentist in Laurelville. Notwithstanding all these home disadvantages I was made welcome as the flowers in spring. I put in a very enjoyable evening, had a good night's sleep and was in feeble for a good morning's work. I worked my way up the creek to near Apple, securing some seven or eight new ones by noon, where I again put my feet under Mr. Davis's table to my great satisfaction and his awful distress.

After dinner it just poured down. I don't know when I ever saw it blow and rain so hard. "Histed my circus tent umbrella, against the remonstrances of the host and hostess, and hit the mud road with both feet, kicking

gravel and splashing mud and water. The unusually high winds made it very unhandy, keeping under my tent, but I stuck to it until I reached Mr. S. W. Hutchins, where I was made welcome for the night. The kind of grub that I most enjoy was placed before me in abundance, and you can just imagine whether I did myself justice. I spent a pleasant night with Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins and left with a pressing invitation to call again.

In the morning it didn't take me but a short time to reach Haynes, where I worked in and around all, or nearly all day.

I first visited Mr. C. W. Hoey, of the firm of C. W. Hoey & Son, Groceries & Dry Goods, and found Mr. Hoey a very pleasant gentleman, courteous and accommodating, who gave me much valuable information. He, as well as every person along Salt Creek, put in a very restless night. The rains of the previous day had pushed Salt Creek out of bank, and not as yet being entirely over the recent destructive flood, felt awfully uneasy.

I dropped down to Hunter & Kitchens general store, where the postoffice is located, to get some information. I found the deputy, Mr. E. E. Kitchen, busily engaged in waiting on a housefull of customers, buying and trading. This firm has an unusually large stock and does an unusually large business. Mr. Kitchen is especially adapted for the business, is a jolly, agreeable clerk, honest and industrious, and has things moving all the time. This firm handles everything needed in the community, from a shoestring to a reaper, and always has the goods with the price that moves them. They are very successful.

At night I had the good fortune to strike another old-timer, Mr. Thomas Febes, where I was made supremely happy for at least twelve hours. Why shouldn't I be happy, plenty to eat, a good bed and congenial spirits. What more on earth does a man want? I must especially compliment his daughter on her culinary art. If hearty eating is complimentary, she has certainly something to be proud of, because I went some. When I left the next morning Mr. Febes gave me a pressing invitation to call again, but somehow or other I have my serious doubts whether it was altogether on the square.

By noon, just as the dinner bell rang, I reached Will Huffman's, just over the creek. I told Mrs. Huffman I was hungry, awfully hungry, and the dinner bell made me a great deal worse. She told me her husband was away, on a sawmill for the day and the boys wanted corn cakes for dinner, and if I could put up with their fare, I was welcome. Well, I guess I went some. Ask one of the boys. There was a pile of corn cakes fully four foot high and only three to eat them, the two boys and myself, but we went at them.

Ham, eggs, mashed potatoes, green beans, sorghum, honey and oh,—hush up.

I forgot to state that we eat all the corn cakes and ruined two and horribly disabled the third loaf of wheat bread besides. She didn't invite me back. I suppose in her distress she forgot it, but if I am ever in the neighborhood I will have some of Mrs. Huffman's corn cakes or know the reason why.

I reached Mr. Hersh's house about a half mile further up the creek. When Mr. Will Brandt, of Logan found me and brought me home.

In my canvass round No. 2 I added: Beecher Everett, Edson Herron, Elias Mahoney, Elmer Redefee, Roy Robison, Grant Weaver, and Beecher Harmon of Laurelville, Joseph Harmon, Miles Harmon, E. E. Kitchen, T. J. Dorsey, John Graham, Oscar Poling, Geo. W. Bradshaw, Edward Stevens, J. M. Orr, and John L. Davis of Haynes. James N. Arledge, John W. Truex of Apple, Nelson Reid, Charles Karshner, Salem Karshner, R. M. Johnston, Samuel Rizer, Andrew L. Crawford, E. L. Brokaw, F. A. Davis, Henry Dishl, Ed. Vanfossen, L. D. Archer, Lewis A. Crawford, R. M. Haynes, H. W. Hutchison, John McCafferty, C. W. Hoey, Jacob Karshner, Vern Kitchen, Thos. Vorhees, Mahala Paxton, J. W. Vanfossen, Wm. Huffman, F. A. Davis, Laurelville Route No. 2, James Spencer of Adelphi.

Chestnut Ridge

We are having plenty of rain at this writing.

Mr. Richard Barnett is going to Chillicothe after his wife and family who is just returning from West Virginia. She had been waiting on her father Mr. Coplin, who was very ill. Mr. Barnett says he never wants to have to play bachelor any more.

Joseph Chanivers and Willie Turkinton have rented pasture of Mr. Barnett for their colt.

Mr. Allen Chambers was working the roads yesterday.

Mr. Thomas Turkinton has his teams all at work at present.

The assessor visited our town last week. He seemed to be very anxious to find out whether the old ladies of our vicinity had their money buried or not.

Dry Run

DEFERRED

As Si Hubbard was making his tour through the North West corner of old Hocking Co. he called on us and asked us to contribute a few items of interest from Dry Run section. We told him that perhaps we would not know very much to write about. He replied if we did not know much of interest not to write much, so we agreed to do so and after reading the history of his tour and the amount of good grub it took to satisfy him we felt like shaking hands with ourselves for getting off so easily.

so we will jot down a few to start with.

As we listen to the croak of the frogs, the song of the birds, we begin to feel as though spring has come at last.

The farmers in this vicinity have been kept back with work by wet weather, but will rush things along if the weather continues suitable.

The road Superintendent Allen Chamber has been improving the roads in this section and we hope to quit traveling the bottom roads and go on top awhile.

Mr. Joe and Clay Chamber were visiting their parents last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Allen Chambers took dinner with Mr. Ira Fox last Sunday.

Mr. Irvin Maraby is improving the Todd farm and making the old place have a different appearance.

Mr. Willie Camfield and wife called on Mrs. Camfield's mother last Sunday.

Rev. Baker delivered a good sermon to an attentive audience at Bethany Church last Sunday.

Mr. Lutz of Circleville was through here a few days ago making arrangement for a telephone line so we can attend to business without going to town and also know our neighbors business too.

Dividing Ridge

DEFERRED

As we have not seen any items from this place for some time we thought we would jot down a few of the latest happenings.

Several from this place attended preaching at Zion Sunday evening.

Mrs. Cotterman and daughter Mary called on grandma Geiger Sunday afternoon.

Mr. John Smith and family took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Rolsten Sunday.

Mr. Frank Shanley of Logan spent a few days of last week

with relatives of this place.

Mr. Jacob Nihiser attended the sale at Mr. James Smith's Tuesday.

As the Laurel Ridge scribe has moved away you need not worry your brains away, for we are now living in perfect peace, and hope and pray your nonsense will cease.

Cedar Grove

The Sabbath School at Pine Grove is progressing nicely with G. W. Cupp and Icel Davis as superintendents.

Mr. A. C. Linn and Mrs. Malinda, who have been on the sick list for some time, are better.

Mrs. Lizzie Harris was called to our village on the account of the sickness of her mother, Mrs. Beery.

The Misses Effie and Flora Coukle visited Miss Icel Davis last Monday.

Mr. Loid Shannon, of our place, was called to Columbus last Tuesday on account of the death of his father.

Mrs. May Bicker called on Mrs. Harry Gordon last Saturday.

Miss Icel Davis is visiting friends at Reville, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lift, of Logan, were visiting friends near this place last Saturday and Sunday.

L. W. Beery made a business trip to So. Bloomingville last Monday.

The Smock correspondent tells us that Caleb Davis, of Smock, was the cause of the cold weather recently. Mr. Davis wanted it to remain cold so that he could wear his coat. Now if that correspondent is right, we will kindly ask Mr. Davis to leave his coat off till we get our corn planted.

Disturbed the Congregation.

The person who disturbed the congregation last Sunday by continually coughing is requested to buy a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. Bort & Co.

MOUND CROSSING STORE

Joe H. White, Proprietor

A general country store for the express accommodation of the farmer. Everything needed by the farmer's wife constantly in stock. Farm utensils, farm implements, nails, staples, wire fence and everything in the hardware line obtainable on short notice at honest prices. The stock of groceries, canned goods, etc., are of the very best quality and always fresh. Everything in the dress goods line, in popular colors and shades, good serviceable goods at fair honest prices. Call and be convinced.

Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce.—After Your Trading in Done all Balances Paid in Cash.